

# THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VI.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, MARCH 1, 1854.

NO. 5.

## THE LILY,

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Written for The Lily.

### STANZAS,

Written Improptu.

BY EDWARD A. DABBY.

Life is but a golden dew-drop  
That will glitter for awhile,  
And bedazzle with its beauty  
While the morning sunbeams smile.

On the tender grass it hangeth  
With a frail and brittle hold,  
And the breezes make it shimmer,  
Like a drop of molten gold.

Presently the breeze grows ruder,  
And anon it hurries past  
With the wild and shrieking fury  
Of the madly raging blast.

And it shakes the trembling dew-drop  
Till 'tis forced to loose its hold;  
Then an angel comes to bear it  
To a realm that ne'er grows old.

Thus the little golden dew-drop  
Passes to a world of light;  
There to glitter with its brother  
And its sister dew-drops bright.

WALPOLE, M. H.

Written for The Lily.

### A MEMORY.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

List, oh list! thro' my heart-realms now, like tropic  
fires that play  
Ever in a liquid light, o'er the brow of cloudless  
day—

There comes the spell of memory sad, o'er my soul  
to-night,  
And her picturings of faded dreams, startle on the  
sight.

But oh, their light is quenched that rose like moon-  
beams on the sea,  
And made all mild and beautiful, the vernal earth  
to me;

Like incense swept from myrtle blooms, when au-  
tumn winds are nigh,  
So did their star-lit record, low, in mystic mur-  
murs die.

Oh, leave me! leave me, maddened spirit! take—  
take those dreams away,  
They wear the ghostly hues that gloom the palaces  
of decay;—

And O, like autumn leaves, once swept upon the  
herbless plain,  
They may not with their incense sweet, come o'er  
the heart again.

MAYSVILLE, Ky.

Written for The Lily.

### THE WIDOW'S PROTECTION.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY MRS. JANE FRODOCK.

The wedding of Mr. Soule and Sarah Brown was spiced with a deal of gossiping, such as would naturally follow the marriage of an aged and honored senator, with a young kitchen servant. But poor human nature is subject to change under every variety of circumstance. His wealth had departed, and with it most of his friends. His children, too, were all married, and having no further expectancies from him, cared little for his comfort or cheer. Alone in his humble home, poor, and in feeble health, he too must live somehow. And it was not unreasonable that Sarah, after years of wandering from place to place, should, for the sake of a home, consent to become the bride of an aged man.

No one could look in upon that robust young wife so cheerfully performing her household duties, anticipating every wish and want of her invalid husband, without being convinced that both were benefitted by their union. After a few years, his failing health and reduced circumstances became the subject of commiseration. By the assistance of a few official friends, he obtained an appointment to take charge of one of the numerous light-houses that stand sentinels on the rugged coast of Maine.

A little furniture was all that now remained of his once ample fortune. This, with his wife and babe, (don't be astonished, for babies are a part of life's realities,) were forthwith removed to their isolated home.

Hope again cheered the aged husband and father. One dollar per day, rent free, was a rich competence in the hands of his frugal wife, to whom it seemed a fortune; so he too became content. But disease was making sad ravages upon his shattered system. He was never able to perform even the trifling labor of tending the light. But Sarah's strong hands and willing heart, regardless of the dizzy height, cheerfully performed the labor of both husband and wife.

It was thus that the ex-Hon. Mr. Soule "maintained" his wife and child. Ah; "maintained!" What an undefined term; yet how familiar. Ask of the weary limbs and heavy eyelids that labor for, and watch over in health and sickness, large families, through long years of self-sacrifice and self-denial, if wives and mothers know what it is to be "maintained." But to my story.

"Dear Sarah," said the helpless invalid one cold, stormy night, "you have not found time to leave me and attend to the light."

"O, yes!" said she; "more than an hour since, while you were sleeping. It is all right."

"How kind—how very kind, my dear ministering angel," said he; "for I feel, indeed, that you are such. How shall I, how can I repay the affectionate kindness, and unwearied attention that you, a lighthearted young girl, have bestowed upon me, a feeble, afflicted old man?"

"It is all more than repaid," replied she despondingly.

"But," continued he, "I shall soon be gone,—what will you do then? Though I am aware that I have only been a burden for the past year; but tell me what you intend to do?"

"I could but think upon the subject," replied the weeping woman, "when I saw you declining so rapidly. I think I had better remain here. I can do the labor then, as well as now; and I know of no other way that I could maintain myself and babe: as I have no friends able to assist me."

"Yes," said he, "you can do the labor then even better than now; but—" and he groaned aloud; for he could not find in his heart a reason why, yet in all his experience as a legislator, he had never thought of admitting woman's right to office. Never before did he so truly feel the injustice of such denials; though no complaint had been uttered. Ignorance had thus far been bliss to his kind-hearted wife; for she had never perceived the injustice that compelled her to perform three-fold the amount of labor as her brothers, for the same amount of pay. But he was convinced that when driven from office, as she most assuredly would be, she could but reflect upon such unjust laws, and even upon him as a prominent legislator.

Seeing his agitation, she cheerfully bade him dismiss all care of her, as she was sure she could manage the light-house satisfactorily, and her uncle near by could continue to furnish supplies, for which she could readily pay, and probably lay up something for little Charlie.

A few weeks after the death of Mr. Soule, I learned from her father, who was highly gratified with her prospects, that Sarah still retained, and satisfactorily performed the duties of her post.

Like all the rest of the world, Sarah was controlled by circumstances. The time had been when she would have shrunk from the idea of filling that office; but she had now filled it for more than a year without one thought of being out of her sphere, and she could see no impropriety now.

But there were anxious, interested eyes turned towards that light-house, and great lazy, loafing limbs that coveted its comforts and its income.

There was a desire, too, that some failure might give an excuse for removing the incumbent; for that inherent spark of justice in man often rebukes his oppressions, and its only quietus is an excuse. It was vain. Nightly, as the sun's last rays faded in the west, that bright warming light beamed far out upon the broad Atlantic, to cheer the weary mariner in his midnight watch, or beacon him to his native port. But there was a legal excuse, though, made by man alone, that was omnipotent when no other could be found.

It was a bitter cold morning in November when Esq. Hanson called to employ Sarah's sister, who had been with her since Mr. Soule's death.

"No, Esq. Hanson," said Mrs. Soule, "sister Ann cannot work for you this long cold winter for seventy-five cents a week. I know too well the hard labor and exposure, early and late, to which she will be subjected; and I could not clothe myself even comfortably, at that rate, when I was in your employ. She shall have a home with me until she can find better pay, and lighter work."

An expression of mingled contempt and revenge passed over the sharp features of Hanson, as he abruptly left the house without deigning a reply.



Poor Sarah was ignorant of the advantages that man possesses over woman by those laws that protect him and oppress her, or she would not have dared to accuse so popular a man as Esq. Hanson of injustice for paying her but eighteen dollars for six months' hard labor. But Sarah is not the only woman that has been subjected to revenge, ridicule, and sneers for uttering complaints.

"Good morning gentlemen," said the Esq., as he entered, on his return, a fashionable saloon, crowded with the super-laborers of the town.—"Well, Cary," said he, turning to an ex-attorney, "I see no obstacle to your succeeding Mr. Soule."

"Why," exclaimed several voices, "Mrs. Soule intends to remain."

"Intends to remain," repeated he sarcastically; "a petticoat officer, with a young one in her arms," and he laughed at his supposed wit, and the others laughed with him.

It was enough. Sarah was easily crushed; for she was only a woman, and there was no woman's voice in that boisterous saloon to plead her cause, and no laws to protect her in office. True, there were many present that signed Cary's petition, who weekly offered up long prayers for the protection of the widow and orphan,—forgetful that God has given to woman every necessary ability to provide for herself, were she not prevented by unrighteous laws, and still more unrighteous customs.

One morning, about a month later, as the two sisters were comfortably seated at their sewing, and Master Charlie was about starting for Boston on the back of old "Lion," they were aroused by the entrance of visitors. Sarah was somewhat surprised at the sight of Mr. Sane, the pay-officer, accompanied by a gent—or rather a "cleaned out" loafer.

"Good morning ladies," said the affable Mr. Sane. "I suppose you are always ready for pay, are you not?" added he, turning to Mrs. Soule.

"The quarter is not yet out," replied she rather confusedly.

"This gentleman, Mr. Cary, has a curiosity to see the light-house," said Sane, turning the conversation, and moving towards the passage.

The twain, after surveying the premises to their satisfaction, returned to the sitting room. There was a pause.

"Shall we take the liberty of looking through the house?" said Sane, at the same time opening the other apartments.

"Very comfortable—very," said the other, rubbing his great muscular hands with evident satisfaction.

On their return there was another pause. No wonder.

"Well," said Sane, breaking the silence, "I suppose, Mrs. Soule, it will be a great relief to you to transfer the care of this concern to Mr. Cary. He has been appointed your husband's successor, and will take charge next Monday. Here is your pay up to that date, which you will please receipt."

Seeing her agitation and inability to utter a reply, he hastily remarked that "she might leave the receipt with her uncle; but must not fail to leave at the appointed time;" and the two worthies hurried away—not, however, without a fluttering sensation in the region where the heart ought to be.

It was no wonder that Sarah fainted; and it was less wonder that the two sisters wept themselves sick; and that little Charlie clung to his mother and wept too,—he knew not why. Poor Charlie!—he is a man now, if living, old enough to vote; but he was a helpless child then, and woman was his only protector. A poor, destitute woman, driven from a lucrative office only because she was a woman. But Charlie never will, nor never can realize, any more than a thousand other such sons, the long, weary days, months and, years that his poor mother toiled for their maintainance; sometimes taking him with her, and working for four dollars per month,—one half deducted for his board,—again boarding him away when particular ladies wouldn't be troubled with him, when the chord tightened about her heart almost to suffocation. But she was only a woman, born to woman's lot!—a widow, enjoying the especial protection of our model government.

Mr. CARROLL, Ill., Feb., 1854.

Written for The Lily.  
**MORAL DRAMAS;  
Or, Theatre Preaching.**

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I think it was Theodore Parker who said that he "thanked God that if the gospel of Anti-Slavery might not be preached in Boston churches, it might in Boston theatres." Since that time, *state of Cottonocracy*, and Union Safety Committees, the same gospel has been most efficiently preached on the boards of one of the New York theatres, daily and nightly, for many months. Strong as is the opposition in New York to the cause of Anti-Slavery, however, it has some advocates in the pulpit, as well as on the stage. So also has the cause of Temperance strong and undoubted champions among her clergy, yet it, too, is now receiving a newer and livelier impulse from the stage.

I have been several times to see Uncle Tom acted at the National Theatre, where, though the play has been performed more than two hundred times, it still draws crowded houses. This is also the case at the American Museum, where it has been played two or three months; and quite recently at the Bowery, where the drama is said to have been adapted to the character of the audience which usually assembles there.

The secret of the success of "Uncle Tom" is not so much in its great dramatic power, as in its appeals to the emotional nature by the simple display of the workings of natural feelings, inherent in every breast, and growing out of natural relations; and by the spectacle of tyranny and injustice, the inevitable accompaniment of irresponsible power. Sweet little Eva,—"Evangeline rightly named"—makes the piece most attractive by her wonderful powers. The mind is divided between wonder at the beautiful creation of the brain of the fair authoress, and wonder at the apparent gentleness, purity and childlike simplicity of little Cordelia Howard, amidst what we have been taught to consider the debasing associations of the stage. The piece, too, owes little of its wonderful success to scenery, or properties, or magical effect of light,—in which there has been much recent improvement.

This also is true of the new Temperance drama, of which I intended more particularly to write, Little Katy, or the Hot Corn Girl. In this there is far more dramatic power than in Uncle Tom.—Its pictures are those of the lives lived by those around us. Its characters are such as, in this city, we meet every day at home and in our walks, or read about in police reports, and daily records of crime and its victims. Its scenes are such as are enacted constantly in our midst, of which we have always had a vague knowledge and yet, have perhaps, never rightly understood.

The home of affluence and comfort, the happy husband and wife, and their beautiful, beloved child—the darling and pet, so shielded and guarded from every breath of harm—is first seen. Then over that home comes the shadow of a small cloud no larger than "a man's hand." The husband gets fashionably tipsy—he gambles and loses all—the wife distractedly seeks him in the worst haunts of the town—loses herself in her wanderings, and receives insult from some half-drunken ruffians of *ton*, who make the vile locality in which she is found a pretext for refusing to believe her story. Next under fear of an arrest for forgery the husband while partially intoxicated is persuaded to desert his family, and we find the wife the inmate of a poor room, toiling at her needle to support herself and "Little Katy"—her child. Little Katy, gentle, sweet, and uncomplaining, tries to lighten the mother's burdens. They sink lower and lower; the utmost exertions of the mother can scarcely keep them above starvation. She at length takes the "first glass," and learns at last to find strength in rum for her unceasing toil. The husband at last returns and we find them both become loathsome drunkards,—caring little for food providing the insatiable appetite for rum can be gratified. Poor little Katy is now often sent with the mother's hard earned pence to the "corner grocery" for "rye whisky." And here we can see one certain effect of drunkenness upon the charac-

ter of woman. She is much worse, more vulgar, and more brutal than her husband in their present degraded state. She drives her little daughter, weeping and hungry, forth into the streets at night to sell "Hot Corn," and when the child comes back to say that it is raining hard and she is wet and hungry, and begs to be allowed to remain at home, she beats her brutally, notwithstanding the protestations of her drunken husband, and sends her away out into the storm again. At last death visits their squalid abode. The husband dies in a fit of delirium tremens with the bottle clasped in his hands. Then little Katy sickens with cold and hunger, and she too dies. The mother sorrows for her, but she has often said she "hoped she would die, for what would be her fate if she grew up?"

There are many other characters introduced in this piece, the drunken *rowe* who has ruined the fortunes of his mother and abandoned her; the mother, herself a drunken maniac; grocery keepers and their customers; and the most pitiful of all, a little boy of eight or ten years, already an adept in villainy, drinking, smoking, swearing, and talking slang to the admiration of his older associates.

It is, take it all in all, a fearful, and we have reason to believe a truthful picture of the power of rum in our great cities, and cannot fail to do good. It has, as I said before, great dramatic force in many of its scenes, and I trust that by the means of its wide-spread representation many a temperance sermon may be preached all over our land—sermons, than which, no more effective ones ever issued from the lips of God's ordained ministers, amid the hallowed associations of the sanctuary.

Here, as in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the strongest interest attaches to the child Cordelia Howard, who plays the part of "Little Katy"—which would be almost as wonderful, as a creation of fancy, as "little Eva," but is more wonderful in reality, because a true picture of a living child. What is wonderful, in the acting of this little girl, is that it does not in the least seem like acting. She is the simple, natural, artless child everywhere—a little, blue-eyed fairy, whom we long all the time to take to our bosoms—to be fondled, and caressed, and called by every pet, household name.—This feeling, I think, gives more force to the scenes where she is represented as the victim of her drunken mother.

But I only intended to speak of the influence of this species of dramatic representation on the public mind for good. I believe it to be a great step forward in the progress of the two great causes of Temperance and Anti-Slavery. And I thank God, and so I believe does many another, that Temperance can be preached on the boards of New York theatres. I am willing to hear it preached by tongue, or pen, or in every way, so that it be preached, and men listen.

WHO IS THE WEAKER SEX?—Females are called the weaker sex—but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and encase the whole in a stout overcoat, to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with the neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say that they are perfectly comfortable. When men wear water-proof boots over woolen hose, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, and not appear more annoyed than if they were sitting by a mammoth bouquet of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. Can they not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest men to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel.

—The Episcopal denomination in Illinois have gained during the past year, twelve clergymen, making the present number forty-one, and five candidates for orders; six churches have been consecrated, and three more will be ready in the spring; three new parishes have been organized; and 250 persons confirmed.



Written for The Lily.  
HARPERS' MAGAZINE EDITOR AND THE  
WOMEN.

NO. II.

Upon a closer reading, it appears that in the previous number too much credit for progress has been given, in assuming that the Editor had dropped the "maternity" argument. That part of his manifesto was overlooked by reason of his introducing it with these words: "We do not intend to go into any physiological argument." Taking him at his word, he got more credit for progress than he merited. It is due now both to him and his effusion, to bestow some attention on "the striking fact" which he thinks he sees in that quarter, and which he gravely tells us "ought to set the question at rest forever."

"The striking fact," he further on says, is the fact of maternity; but the "question" which should be set at rest forever, is not so definitely announced. That maternity is a "striking fact," and always has been, is probably not an original discovery of the Editor. Such an idea may have occurred to even his mother, before it did to him. But what is the question?

"There is claimed for woman an equal participation in all the outward life of man." This is his next assertion in order; and indefinite and meaningless as it is, he makes it the major proposition of his argument. His minor, is, that there is a "physical difference" which debars woman from "an equal participation in all the outward life of man." By "physical difference" he tells us he does not mean "sexual distinction in itself," but "the fact of maternity." With this explanation of his minor term, he gathers himself up for a jump at his conclusion.

After he has jumped, he gives the conclusion in solemn and stately measure, and autocrat-like, assumes to speak in the name of God. "It is the design of God, expressed and carried out in nature, that a moiety of the human race should have a charge—a precious charge—a most honorable charge—but one which must in the very nature of things, unfit them for the right, and regular performance of those duties which the usages of all civilized and all christian nations have ever assigned to the opposite sex." This completes his reasoning, and like Him for whom he assumed to speak, when he had finished his work, he should have rested. The "striking fact" is fixed, but the "question" is as dark as in the beginning.

Now veneration should certainly be properly cultivated; but if poor human nature may be permitted to question a fellow worm which assumes the prerogative of concluding its short-coming ratiocinations with this "is the design of God," a humble mortal, who believes that his mother, and wife, and sisters and daughters, have just as good a right in the world as he has, may, perhaps, be pardoned for being somewhat inquisitive with such a Jupiter of the male aristocrats, and creatures of that school of religion and politics. No other notice of such reasoning can be expected.

When speaking of the "duties which the usages of all civilized, and all christian nations have ever assigned to the opposite sex," why did he not include all uncivilized and anti-Christian, Mahomedan and Pagan nations? Why so studiously omit them from his array of precedential authorities? They are more strictly orthodox on the formal *tabu* question, both by nature and custom; for they are more ignorant and brutal. And, as has been before remarked, it is true of individuals and of societies, the further down in the scale of being they may be, the more exacting and tyrannical the man toward the woman, with perhaps some exceptions, of which Harpers' Editor may be one. And it is generally true that the more nearly the approximation to a perfect character in point of intelligence and social bearings, the further the remove from this *tabu* system, with perhaps the like exceptions. Regarding, therefore, the absolute and unqualified dominion of man over woman as the basis of "the most time honored proprieties of social life," as the Editor religiously professes to, he must regard all approaches to Christianity and civilization to be deprecated, because they unflinchingly encroach upon that dominion; and he must also feel an irresistible longing for the coarse

brutalities of barbarism, because in that condition such "proprieties of social life" are most sedulously cultivated, and unremittingly practiced.

When he is disposing of all womankind as unfit for any directing position in society because some of them are so naughty as to become mothers, how does he get along with the women who have been, and now are the chief rulers of nations,—especially the one of England, with whom, whatever else may be lacking, there is no lack of his "striking facts."

And as to "a charge—a precious charge—a most honorable charge," what does he mean? Give to woman the position which the woman's rights party claim for her, and we could understand the propriety of such exuberance of language. But he is advocating a state of things to which such terms are as inapplicable as to a slave mother on a Red river plantation. A charge! What, pray? Not of her wearing apparel; because that, as one of the marital rights, becomes her husband's.—Not of her children; because the law gives her no more right to their custody and control, than the slave mother enjoys; but makes them alike subject to be torn from her by the man who owns her clothes! Not of the wages of her toil, or of the results of her prudence; for those also belong to the owner of her clothes, and may be snatched by a worthless husband, or his ruthless creditors, from her own, or even the mouths of her starving children. Not of her person; for she cannot leave home without permission; and if, perchance, she does get away, her husband may advertise her as he would a slave, or a beast; with this only difference, the individual who should counsel, or aid and assist her in fleeing from her bondage, would not be liable for stealing her person, but would be for stealing the clothes she wore! A charge!—a precious charge!—a most honorable charge! The terms, as he connects and applies their meaning, are the heartless mockeries of the heartless libertine, and their tenor is not changed by his blasphemous attempt at sanctifying and glorifying such degradation and outrage, in announcing that "around the nursing mother God and nature have thrown a hallowed seclusion."

But what is the question which he thinks the "striking fact" ought to set at rest forever? He obviously means, though he does not say so, that woman has everywhere, in the accession of rights and privileges, reached a goal beyond which God and nature forbid her to go further: that while all human *males* are to be continually progressing, all human *females* must remain fixed as Lot's wife, pillars of salt, monuments to "the striking fact of maternity," and victims to "the most time honored proprieties of social life." In other words, that woman by God and Nature was intended for a slave, was created a slave, and was fixed in slavery, in a sphere circumscribed by a kind of Chinese wall. This is his ruling idea, and the ruling idea of the world. Against this the woman's rights agitation is directed. The Editor sneeringly calls it "the great idea," and such it promises truthfully to mark itself in the annals of humanity. The fluttering of its foggy opponents, bears evidence that its revolutionary power is already being felt.

Less than seventy years ago, individuals of the same style of intellect and stamp of morals, treated in like manner the idea that men were capable of self-government. That idea now contends for the mastery of the world. It lacks but one thing to make its success complete, and its triumph certain. No sooner had the Creator finished the first man, and observed his disposition, than he discovered and proclaimed, that it was not good that the man should be alone. The degeneracy of political, as compared to personal morals, clearly proves that political affairs are no exception to the rule.

SENEX.

—The Senate of Georgia has passed a bill to punish the keeping of faro, or other gambling tables and establishments, with imprisonment in the penitentiary from one to five years.

—Miss Ruth Williams, quite an aged person, of Salem, was very severely and dangerously burned on Saturday week by her clothes taking fire from a stove in her chamber.

Written for the Lily.  
WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

"The eighth wonder of the world" has at last been discovered: which is that women can go to the Polls, and none of the dreaded calamities which have been predicted, follow such an outbreak.

The experiment has been tried at the last election in Randolph, Portage Co., O. The Ladies' Temperance Alliance held a public meeting the evening previous to the election, when they decided to go to the Polls the ensuing day, and also hold an election of their own. This new idea was not in general circulation; for had it been there would have been a greater representation of ladies. In the morning, between nine and ten o'clock, women were seen traversing the streets in various directions. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and after obtaining a neat mahogany box for a ballot-box, and a proper place to put it, they organized and elected their judges and clerks!—Thus in a small village there were fifty-seven votes for the Maine Law ticket recorded.

This was not all; they were in the street debating the constitutionality of the Maine Law with those who felt that the women were very much out of their sphere; some were pleading for fathers to vote for the protection of their sons; every opposer to a prohibitory law was attacked, and made to give his reasons: many were influenced by the ladies that day to vote the temperance ticket. The aged with tottering step and silvered locks—the matron of middle age—the smiling, rosy-cheeked and blithe young girl were there, and all for one great object—an object for which they were willing to bear the low insinuations of the "Rum Oracles," and the ridicule of their own sex, who had not the courage to brave public opinion.

They remained on the election grounds until the Polls closed, when all returned home peaceably, without "getting into a row at an election, and without entangling or loosing their "silken locks," and without a "blackened eye" to show where they had been.

The children laughed and played, and not one of them cried because they were suffering for food; and not a single one of them choked to death on a cold potato. The women attired themselves as though they were going to a convention,—never doffed their bonnets for hats, nor dresses for "pants."—The ladies of Ravenna talk of sending those election going women a pair of "bloomers," which would be gratefully received; but one pair will not be a sufficient supply, as there were fifty-seven of them. Perhaps these Ravenna ladies can have a supply against the Spring election, if we should be so fortunate as to have the Maine Law question left for the people to decide.

A MAINE LAW ADVOCATE.

FATAL CASUALTY.—William Sharon Sellars, a well known resident of South Zanesville, was fatally injured by being struck by the cow-catcher of the two o'clock Western Express train, Sunday morning. He died about 8 o'clock the same evening.

The casualty occurred nearly one mile west of this city, and was no doubt owing to the intoxication of Sellars. He was carrying a jug of whisky at the time.

Sellars had, for some time, been making efforts at reformation, and we cannot regard the man who sold him liquor, as innocent of his blood. Whoever he was, if his conscience is not entirely hardened, he must bear the stings of remorse with him to the grave. Should he escape the pains of purgatory, or a hotter place, God will indeed be merciful.—Zanesville paper.

"It is curious, (remarks a writer in Putnam) that in our country, where so much of the ordinary domestic labor is, one way and another, performed by the ladies of the family, there should be so much false pride and mean concealment about it; but so it is. The feeling of equality, though so anxiously cherished, and so prevalent in our community, is yet not deep and sincere enough to rid women of the fear, that by performing such labors as princesses of old did not disdain, they may lose caste, and be considered as inferiors by the least valuable of their acquaintances."



## THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, MARCH 1, 1854

It is impossible for us longer to furnish back numbers complete from the first of the volume. Subscribers hereafter can commence with No. 4, and as we have still a supply of No. 1, they can have that number gratis if they desire it.

## LICENSE LAWS IN MOUNT VERNON.

We have been much interested in perusing a report recently made to the Council of this city by the Committee of Ordinances, in relation to the passage of an ordinance forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks within the city limits. The report is made, it seems, in response to a petition presented to the Council some time last summer, numerously signed by the ladies of the city, and also by the voters, praying the passage of an ordinance declaring the traffic a nuisance.

After having been allowed to sleep quietly for months, the matter has now just been reported upon; and the petitioners are now told that although the Council has power to pass such an ordinance, yet there are no laws by which it can be enforced after it is passed! As we are told that the report was drawn up by a lawyer, we suppose this is good law, and the petitioners must submit; but the author of the report generously furnishes them this consolation, that while liquor sellers must for the present go unwhipped of justice, the same is also true of thieves, disturbers of the public peace, and in short all classes of offenders whose crimes are not of sufficient magnitude to send them to the State Prison! Well, we have always thought that venders of intoxicating drinks should be put upon a par with, and treated as the most dangerous classes in community; and such appears to be the state of things just now existing in Ohio—and thus thieves and rum-sellers are each left to fatten upon the misfortunes and wrongs of their fellow men.

No doubt the difficulty in the way of efficient action by our Council will be speedily removed. The General Assembly will, we are sure, pass an act at the earliest moment doing away with so anomalous a state of things; and by authorizing the Probate Courts to empanel a Constitutional jury, remove all obstacles in the way of the punishment of thieves, rum-sellers, disturbers of religious meetings, and the like. This done, we shall expect our city Council to take hold of the matter in earnest, and pass the long desired and greatly needed ordinances.

We cannot omit to notice that the concluding paragraph in the Committee's report seems to us to afford just cause for criticism. After stating that there is no way to suppress the evil, any more than there is that of petty larceny, it yet deprecates all forcible destruction of property, and all attempts on the part of the citizens to guard themselves from the commission of crimes, against which it confesses the State has failed to furnish any protection! And so we must submit to have our goods pilfered, our peaceable assemblages broken up, our persons assaulted, and our youth corrupted and ruined for the sake of securing to the rum-seller the inviolability of his property, and the uninterrupted prosecution of his nefarious business!! We should say, rather, if the laws of the land fail to protect us in our dearest rights—if they fail to secure to us and our children that immunity from wrong and outrage which eve-

ry government owes to its citizens, then *the people should take the laws into their own hands*, and thus save themselves and families from the streams of vice and moral pollution that continually flow forth from the resorts of the thief, the rum-seller, and the gambler. We therefore hold in all honor the names of those noble women of Mount Vernon who a few years ago boldly entered the rum shop and gambling house, and poured out the liquors and destroyed the implements wherewith their husbands and brothers had at once been robbed of their reason and their money, and converted into dupes and madmen. And we believe if the same spirit now dwelt in the hearts of all the women of this beautiful, but rum-cursed city, that every rumshop would soon be closed—no matter whether Legislators or Councilmen passed ordinances or not.

Woman has neither made nor consented to laws which leave her and her children at the mercy of heartless rum-sellers, and she should never submit to them. She has a right—nay, it is her *duty* to arise in her own defence, and in defence of the souls entrusted to her keeping, and insist that either with or without law, the destroyer shall be driven from the land. And if men have not the courage to boldly attack the foe, then let woman meet him face to face, and never retire from the conflict till she can do so a victor.

But, as we said before, we believe the obstacles in the way of the action of our Council will soon be removed by the Legislature, and then we shall expect that without farther delay rum-selling will be declared a nuisance by our corporate authorities, and abated accordingly.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

A Convention of those of either sex who are in favor of asking the Legislature for such amendments in the Statutes and Constitution of the State of New York as will secure to the women of the State Legal Equality with the men, in the Right of Suffrage, &c., assembled in Association Hall, Albany, on the 14th ult., and organized by the election of the following officers:—

President—Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Vice Presidents—Rev. S. J. May, Syracuse; Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Hon. Wm. Hay, Saratoga; Lydia Ann Jenkins, Geneva; Lydia Mott, Albany; Wm. H. Topp, Albany; Mary F. Love, Randolph; Phoebe Wilbur, Easton.

Business Committee—Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, South Butler; W. H. Channing, Rochester; Mrs. Catharine Stebbins, Rochester; Mrs. Phoebe Jones Troy.

Secretaries—Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Sarah Pellet, Syracuse; Giles B. Stebbins, Rochester.

Finance Committee—Mary S. Anthony, Rochester and Anna W. Anthony, Cayuga.

Miss Brown, from the Business Committee, reported a series of resolutions, which we have not room for at this time.

Mrs. Stanton read an address of considerable length in the evening. Mr. Channing moved its adoption, and that it be published and presented to the Legislature of the State.

The meeting was addressed by Wm. H. Channing, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Rose, Miss Brown, Rev. Mr. May, Mrs. Love and Mrs. Jenkins.

It was determined to canvass the State more thoroughly the next year, for the purpose of awakening interest in the subject, and procuring signatures to petitions for the Legal and Civil Equality of Woman.

The Convention continued its sessions through two days, and was largely attended at each session.

## LITERARY JOURNAL.

We had prepared a very favorable notice of this new candidate for public favor, but the last number now before us has so changed our opinion of the character of the paper that we must withhold our commendations. We will simply remark that ELLA WENTWORTH'S connection with the *Journal* ceased with the third number, and the paper passed into other hands.

Our readers will remember that in THE LILY of Feb. 1st. we made some allusion to Ella Wentworth, in which we wished merely to remind her that there were many others who had gone before her in the work of advocating and opening for woman a wider field of employment, and that these were justly entitled to, and would receive a part, at least, of the credit which she so boastfully took to herself. We also copied from the *Type of the Times* an account of her turning off a woman whom her brother had employed to work in the office, simply because her dress did not conform to the fashionable length. While we regretted that Ella should manifest such a spirit while advocating larger liberty for woman, we at the same time declared it as our opinion that she had a right to do as she pleased in the matter. We entertained none other than kindly feelings towards the lady, and her paper, and felt a desire that she might prosper in her undertaking.

The new publishers of the *Journal* have taken up this matter and made it a personal affair of their own. They devote two-thirds of a column in the last number to what is evidently designed to be a severe and witty attack upon us. We are ever ready to enter into a war of pens, either playfully or seriously, with our brothers and sisters of the press, provided we have a fair and honorable opponent; but when one attempts to interfere with a matter that does not concern them, and resorts to meanness, falsehood and misrepresentation to attain their ends, we prefer to let them have the field to themselves. We shall, therefore, take no notice of the article in question farther than to refute its leading falsehood. The *Journal* says,

"The soil of the eastern States being too poor to grow Lilies, Mrs. Bloomer has transplanted her Lily to the rich soil of Ohio, where she hopes to keep it in bloom. The Lily was in a fading condition when it got here; but we hope it will be resuscitated, and long furnish honey to the little bees that swarm around Mrs. Bloomer's home."

So far from the soil of New York being too poor to sustain THE LILY, and its being in a faded condition when it got to Ohio, it has ever found the soil of that State most fertile, and its climate most genial to its growth; and under the fostering and sustaining care of many of the noblest sons and daughters of the eastern States, it has flourished luxuriantly, and never languished for support. When we came to Ohio we had a circulation of four thousand copies, and we have received fifteen hundred new subscribers since we came here. This, for a country paper, and one advocating new and unpalatable doctrine, is doing as well as we have any reason to expect.

Where the *Journal* obtained its information of our affairs, and of our doings and sayings of which it speaks so confidently and so *falsely*, or which of the lady editor's brains is so prolific of refined and elegant thoughts—of which they have given so fine a specimen—is better known to themselves than to us. If they expect to build up their paper by resorting to such meanness, let them go ahead. They are welcome to all the capital they can make out of it.



**MECHANICSBURG.**

By invitation of the Lyceum we visited this place some two weeks since for the purpose of lecturing before that association. Seldom do we in our journeyings find more real enjoyment among strangers than was afforded us by this visit. We met with many open-hearted, earnest, whole-souled people here, who are all alive to the importance of active effort in behalf of the wronged and oppressed, and who have themselves buckled on the armor and gone forth in defence of the right.

Though but a small village of some nine hundred inhabitants, Mechanicsburg is far in advance of many of its sister villages of larger growth in the liberality, intelligence, and morals of its people. They are a reading, thinking people, and are prepared to judge and act for themselves on all questions of interest and importance. They have a Maine Law of their own, and the courage and determination to enforce it; hence the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been driven from among them entirely. The women have been mainly instrumental in this work, as will be seen from a report of their doings, which we copy below. This report was sent by the society at Mechanicsburg to the Women's Temperance Convention at Columbus, in January last. Though published in the *Columbian* soon after, we did not happen to see it at the time, or we would have given it to our readers at an earlier day. It shows what woman is capable of doing towards the removal of the curse of intemperance, if she will but set herself about the work in earnest.

Mechanicsburg is situated on the Springfield, Mount Vernon and Pittsburg Railroad, now in course of construction. This road will bring it in more close connection with the world abroad, and we think cannot fail to contribute to its growth and importance. We pray that it may not also bring with it the vices so alarmingly prevalent in larger towns and cities.

**A REPORT**

OF THE WOMEN'S REGULATING TEMPERANCE UNION, OF MECHANICSBURG, CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, OHIO.

Our Society was organized eighteen months ago and consists of eighty members. We meet once a month. Our officers are a President, V. P. and Secretary; also a Vigilant Committee, whose duty it is to report if liquors are sold in the village. Whenever such facts are reported, we appoint a committee to visit the offenders, to persuade them to give up the stock in trade, or remove it beyond our borders. If they fail, we repair in a body to the place, and by firmness and perseverance, force them to yield. This we have done in many instances.

At the time our society was organized, six tippling shops cursed our village; but we, by our own unwearied efforts, and the aid of our brothers, have succeeded in removing them, and placing all the liquors in the hands of a responsible agent, who sells for mechanical and medicinal purposes only. Since then, if any liquors are brought to the place, barns and stables are the only saloons that can be obtained for them. As our Vigilant Committee keeps a good look out, we have, frequently, in accordance with our motto, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," seized these *contraband articles*, and poured them out on the bosom of mother Earth. During the past year we waited on our Township Trustees and were successful in obtaining the "Dwarf Maine Law."

During the campaign we were actively engaged. We paid for, and distributed eighty copies of the Maine Law Advocate, and collected twenty-five or thirty dollars for the aid of the Executive Committee, notwithstanding the Secretary of said Committee refused to comply with the urgent call of our Society for a lecturer, as we were *only women*, and our Society could not be relied on as a responsi-

ble one. By the assistance of M. B. Corwin, of Urbana, our request was finally granted.

Though we have been defeated in the recent election, we are not discouraged. We enlisted not only for one campaign, but for life; and our efforts will ever be directed towards staying the tide of human misery which emanates from the liquor traffic. We resolved to stand at our posts so long as the tears of the drunkard's wife, children, mothers and sisters, continue to flow. We are confident of success—in such a cause we believe there is no such word as fail. Sisters of Ohio! let us come up unitedly to the aid of suffering humanity against the mighty foe of our race, King Alcohol, looking with confidence to the Lord for his blessing on our efforts.

By order of the Regulating Union,  
E. A. RATHBUN, Pres't.  
M. A. PAYNE, Sec'y, *pro tem*.

**I. O. of G. T.**

We publish the following letter from the Grand Scribe of Philadelphia with much pleasure. We are glad to learn that the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania have had the good sense and liberality to bestow so important an office as that of G. S. on a woman; and we have not the least doubt but that our good Sister Emery will perform the duties of the office with credit to herself, and great usefulness to the order.

GRAND LODGE OF THE I. O. OF G. T. OF PENN.,  
WELLSBORO', February 20, 1854.

MRS. BLOOMER—Seeing in your columns of Feb-1st, a desire expressed to know something further in relation to the progress of the Independent Order of Good Templars, I have thought a brief statement might not be unacceptable to yourself and the readers of THE LILY. Of the nature of this Order, its objects and aims, you are conversant; and therefore it would be useless for me to say anything in relation to the subject.

There are Lodges of the Order in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont and Iowa, also in Canada West. There are at present two State Grand Lodges, one in New York and one in this State. As the Order emanated from New York, the Grand Lodge of that State is considered the fountain head, acting in the capacity of a National as well as a State Lodge. The Grand Lodge of this State was organized in December last. There are now under our jurisdiction one hundred and fourteen subordinate Lodges, all in a flourishing condition, embracing a very extensive membership. It is sanguinely expected that ere the close of the present year we shall have the pleasure of reporting one thousand flourishing Lodges within the Keystone State.

In the counties of Erie and Crawford adjoining Ohio, the Order is progressing rapidly; and may we not hope soon to know that it is spreading its benign influence throughout the length and breadth of that State?

Yours, in Faith, Hope & Charity,  
MARY C. EMERY, G. W. S.

**MRS. BLOOMER AND MR. GLESSNER.**

Our townswady, Mrs. Bloomer, Editress of *The Lily*, lectured in Mansfield the other evening, on "Woman's Rights, and Woman's Wrongs." Friend Glessner gives a *currente calamo* report of the lecture, and winds up with the following startling paragraph:

"If we should be called to the field for the above our friend Harper, of the *Banner*, in Mt. Vernon, will arrange the preliminaries on our part."

We would be happy to do almost any favor. Mr. Glessner might ask of us; but, without intending any offence, we must respectfully decline to serve in the capacity above indicated. If any thing *serious* should grow out of Mr. Glessner's criticism, our gallantry would at once prompt us to take sides with Mrs. Bloomer, and more especially as she is one of our own citizens. We go for Mount Vernon against the world! Now, you Mansfield Knight of the quill, put that in your pipe and smoke it!—*Mt. Vernon Banner*.

As we are not a fighting character, and have a perfect horror of all sorts of deadly weapons,

whether pistols, bowie knives, whiskey or tobacco, we have no idea of challenging the Knight of the *Shield & Banner* to mortal combat; so he may set his heart at rest on that score, and give himself no farther trouble to find a second. But to prove that we do not lack courage to defend our rights and our honor, we challenge Mr. GLESSNER to answer our positions and arguments in the lecture referred to by bringing one sound, sensible objection to them—such an one as he would think of giving to, or receiving from one of his own sex if placed under similar circumstances. Ridicule and jest won't do, Mr. Glessner,—we want *reason*. We plead guilty to the charge of being a *yankee*; the blood of R. Island and Connecticut being mingled in our veins. But if our language smacks somewhat of yankeism, and thus betrays our origin, we consider it no detriment to us, since yankees are everywhere admitted to be cute, and capable of taking care of number one. We shall stand in no fear of you, Mr. Glessner, in any encounter we may engage in, since Mr. Harper has kindly promised to stand by us; and we have further assurance that not only Mt. Vernon, but a good part of Mansfield will take up in our defence.

**ALL HAIL! RANDOLPH.**

Under the head "Women at the Polls," will be found a very interesting and amusing sketch of the doings of the women of Randolph, at the recent election. We are highly delighted with this manifestation of Woman's Rights, and would commend the example thus set as worthy of imitation by women throughout the country. It is quite important that woman take more decided steps in relation to the temperance question than she has heretofore done. The subject has been dallied with long enough. She has done all she can do by moral suasion and silent influence, and now she must either fold her hands and quietly await the result, or she must go forward into the thickest of the fight, and contend boldly and bravely for the immediate and entire prohibition and suppression of the traffic.

We like the idea of their resorting to the ballot-box. Though it might be very unladylike and out of their sphere to deposit a ballot in the same box with their husbands and brothers, yet there can be no impropriety in their having a ballot-box of their own. And we hope they will soon go a step farther, and nominate and elect officers of their own sex, and then sustain them in making and enforcing laws for the suppression of vice and immorality.

Horace Mann tells us that woman may with propriety go into the dark alleys and by-lanes of our great cities and endeavor to conquer men to virtue. If it be proper for her to visit those haunts of iniquity on such an errand, it would be far more praiseworthy for her to apply her efforts to remove the *cause* which produces vice and crime. And since this can in no way be so effectually done as through the ballot-box, let woman direct her attention to *that* as the only hope of deliverance for our country from the curse of Intemperance.

227 Officers of STAR OF HOPE LODGE, I. O. of Good Templars at Mount Vernon, O.

W. C. T., D. C. Bloomer; W. V. T., Phebe Cochran; W. S., E. Stuart; W. T., Amanda Clark; W. F. S., C. C. Curtis; W. A. S., Anna H. Collins; R. H. S., Thaddeus Clark; L. H. S., Mrs. M. Furlong; W. M., Amelia Bloomer; W. D. M., T. Wilson; I. G., Ellen Briggs; O. G., John T. Martin; W. C., M. C. Furlong; P. W. C. T., C. M. Kelsey.

The Lodge meets every Saturday evening, in Kremlin Block.



"We have some splendid types of humanity now—a days in our legislative halls. It would seem as if at every popular election we dip down deeper and deeper into the strata of debased humanity."—*Southern Organ*.

And this state of things must continue to grow worse and worse—we must dip down still deeper into the strata of debased humanity, unless there is a speedy change for the better in the morals of society. If the men now upon the stage of action are so debased, so addicted to evil practices, what can we expect of their sons who are to follow them? Surrounded as the boys of our country are with every temptation to vice—left by their parents to grow up as they may—having mothers who are wholly ignorant and regardless of the high responsibilities resting upon them, and who have no aspirations for knowledge beyond that of the latest fashion, or last bit of gossip—and having fathers who are wine bibbers, tobacco chewers, profane swearers, and Sabbath breakers—who find more pleasure in a bar-room than in the midst of their families, and who feel that when they have provided food and clothing for their children, they have discharged their whole duty towards them,—what can we hope for the future of our country when its government shall have passed into their hands? Where shall we look among the vicious, ill-behaved brags who swarm our streets for the future wise statesmen and legislators of our country? This thought may well startle the most careless.

People are everywhere deploring the corruption and wrong doing of our rulers,—condemning the bribery, intrigue and dishonesty that exists among politicians—mourning over the oppression, injustice and immorality that prevails to so great an extent in society, and lamenting the alarming tendency to evil in our boys—and yet how seldom do we hear anything said of the real cause of all this corruption, or have pointed out the true remedy!

We cannot expect the stream to be purer than the fountain. We cannot expect men to be wise, virtuous and good when they spring from a corrupt parentage, and are reared in iniquity. We cannot hope to see children with physical, mental and moral faculties well developed, so long as mothers are physically and mentally weak, dwarfed and enslaved; and so long as fathers are both physically and morally debased. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

Where then shall the remedy, for purifying and healing the nation, be found? We answer, in the elevation and enfranchisement of woman! Loose the chains that bind her to the condition of a dependant—a slave to fashion, and the caprices of men. Open for her the doors of our Colleges and Universities, and bid her enter. Hold up before her a pattern of womanly greatness and excellence, and bid her attain to the same high position.—Teach her to aspire after that true knowledge that shall fit her to become the future mother and teacher of statesmen and rulers. Resign to her control the children committed to her care, and bid her guard them from all temptation and danger that threatens to assail them, both at home and abroad. Restore to her her heaven born right of self-government, and grant her a voice in making the laws which are to govern for good or evil the actions and sentiments of society at large. Let her say whether the grog-shop, the gaming-house, and the brothel shall be suffered to open wide their doors to entice her sons to ruin. Let her say whether rum shall have power to over-ride virtue and sobriety, and send its minions into our halls of legis-

lation to make laws for the people. Let her say whether we shall have a Maine Law, and whether such a law shall be observed and enforced;—do this, and we shall soon see a great change wrought in society, and in the character of our rulers. Our only hope for the future of our country lies in the elevation of woman physically, mentally, socially and politically! Our only hope for an amelioration of the vices and crimes of society is in the triumph of the principles which lie at the foundation of the so-called "Woman's Rights" reform.

"The Good Templars must pardon us for any seeming neglect of them. We shall hear of their prosperity and progress with the greatest pleasure; but unless there is some one to advise us of their welfare, we shall know nothing of them; as their organ, the *Templar & Watchman*, from jealousy, or some other cause, will not exchange with us."—*The Lily of Feb. 1*.

"From jealousy, or some other cause, will not exchange with us." And that cause is simply, that the *Lily* has not condescended to send us exchanges since it removed to Ohio. The last paper we sent to the *Lily* contained the fourth of a column of resolutions, passed by the Lodge at Seneca Falls, in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer. We published them with pleasure, and if such acts are regarded as marks of jealousy, then we have mistaken the import of that word. We thought if Mrs. Bloomer desired an exchange with us after her removal to Ohio, it was her place to send us the first paper, that we might learn her location,—we think so still.—*Templar & Watchman*.

In answer to the above, we have to say that the *Templar & Watchman* was put upon our exchange list when that paper first came into existence, and that it has never been erased. *THE LILY* has been regularly sent to that paper, both before and since we came to Ohio, in a package with other papers for Ithaca. The cause assigned, therefore, by the *Templar* for not granting an exchange cannot be the true one. Our location must have been known to the *Templar*, even had he not received *THE LILY* since its removal; for in a notice headed EXCHANGES, before leaving Seneca Falls, we requested our brothers of the press to send their papers in future to Mount Vernon, Ohio; and we also, in a leading editorial, announcing our intention of removing from that place, stated distinctly where we were going, and what were our intentions for the future. Then again, the "fourth of a column of resolutions, passed by the Lodge at Seneca Falls," which the *Templar* says he copied, must have informed him of our location. Besides this, as he takes the papers, he could not long remain in the dark as to our whereabouts; for the press throughout the country has quite generally noticed our having become a resident of Mount Vernon. So much for the charge of lack of condescension on our part, and for the ignorance of the *Templar* as to our location.

Since we are on this subject, it may be proper for us to explain to our brethren of the *Templars* our reason for using the word *jealousy*, in our allusion to the *Templar & Watchman*. It will be remembered that at the session of the Grand Lodge held in Ithaca last June, we made an offer of a column of our paper for the use of the Order, gratuitously, till such time as they should establish an organ of their own. This offer was thankfully accepted by the Grand Lodge, and for several months the G. W. S. reported through *THE LILY* the names and location of all new Lodges, and other matters pertaining to the Order. In due time the new paper, which had been for some time talked of, made its appearance, after which

the G. W. S. reported all matters pertaining to the Order to that paper, and ceased sending anything to us. Still, for the benefit of our readers who were interested in the progress of the Order, we copied from the new organ, the *Templar & Watchman*, the lists of new Lodges instituted. But soon even the opportunity of doing this was denied us; for that paper ceased to visit us only semi-occasionally, and those numbers only were sent which contained no information relating to the Good Templars. We never received but three or four numbers of the paper before leaving New York, and none since we came to Ohio, till the number before us, from which we cut the above in reply to our allusion to its want of courtesy. During all this time we have mailed *THE LILY* regularly as an exchange.

We will not pretend to give the true cause of the *Templar's* not being sent to us, but we do say that the cause assigned above by the editor is not the true one.

QUERY—If the *Templar* does not receive *THE LILY*, how was he so soon made aware of our charge against him?

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

#### The Chicken Show.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1854.

Now don't laugh when I tell you I have been to a *Chicken Show*. Of course you have heard of the great Poultry exhibition that has been talked about for some months, and has at last come off at the American Museum during the past week, and is to continue still another, attracting thousands of people, ladies, gentlemen, and children, to see the great wonders—the good gentry of the Barn-yard.

*Humbug* seems to be a word connected in everybody's mind with P. T. Barnum. And after all, what could this same people do without this gentleman? Why are they so attracted always to see this same Barnum's humbugs, as they please to designate them? Simply, because they never go but they come away interested, amused, and even edified by their visit. I think such suspicious, unbelieving people of the world are sometimes troubled with humbug minds, and can only see with humbug eyes. They do not seem to fancy it, that one in their midst can step forward with a perseverance and talent, and do what others will not, if they could, for the enjoyment and instruction of our people. I like Barnum for his independence—for his perseverance of character; and for my part feel thankful to him for the many hours of pleasant enjoyment he has afforded me. I can enjoy a humbug too—if a good one, mind—and in case Barnum should give us any thing new in that way, in spite of what the people would pronounce him, I think likely I should be attracted with the crowd to go and see, and enjoy it according to its merits.

In this matter, now before the public, Barnum is head man. He has acted in the most liberal manner—assisted them thro' their greatest perplexities—given them room to display their specimens and carry out their plans—causing the whole thing to go forward as none other could do.

This time, I am sure, all will feel satisfied there is no humbug in the present attractions at Barnum's Museum. They must believe their own eyes and ears, and own they have this time seen the real, genuine article, and a little more of it than is generally seen at one place and time.

We will pay our two shillings at the door, and if ever we expect to get the worth of a quarter of a dollar, we will surely get it now. Follow me, or rather do as I do, follow the direction of certain sounds indicating the whereabouts of a barn-yard upon an unusually large scale. After ascending a stairway, we are in the midst of them—the foulest apartment I rather guess, you ever walked into. What a racket! What a confused sound of cackling, crowing and quacking greets our ear! We laugh heartily at the comic scene before us—clasp our hands to our ears, but in vain; all the clatter of Broadway could not shut that noise out. We are welcomed by a ferocious big rooster,



screeching into our very faces his cock-a-doodle-doo, which seems to command us at once, to turn and pay our respects to his majesty, without another moment's delay. Could the dignified occupant of that coop, that we now looked upon, be a chicken? It certainly was the largest one our eyes had ever beheld. He was a *Shanghai* and he did *stand high* and *sang high* without doubt.

But we must pass along; a chorus from a thousand others, calls loudly upon us, to divide our attentions and praises upon them. It was curious and amusing, to listen to the different notes and sounds of the crowing of the various kinds—each one in his own particular style, quite independent of his neighbor. Among the varieties that most attracted my attention, were the *Shanghais*—large and noble looking, of various hues and kinds, but making me think of a *tough* and *indigestible* dinner—so large and overgrown they looked. There were the *Hong Kongs* of China, *Dorkings* of England, the *Black Red Tops* of Spain, with the largest, brightest red combs that ever was seen on a chicken's head. *Rufflers* too, with their beautiful frill of feathers around their heads and necks. *Bantams*, my favorite, among them all—a neat, small, beautifully formed, bird-like chicken—an ornament and a pet to have about your grounds, and door-yard, and suggesting to the hungry, a most delicate fricasee, got up in good old country style, with plenty of nice, thick gravy about. A thousand others I stood and looked at and admired, that I cannot begin to describe here, some of which were larger, much, than our usual sized turkeys. Some have large horns, or hard lumps upon their bills, the size of a large hickory nut, others had strangely formed legs and feet. The feathers of some were of the most beautiful shades, more like the plumage of some of our handsomest birds. Here, too, were ducks, geese, turkeys, rabbits, pigeons, tame and wild, owls, American eagles, swans, golden and silver pheasants, quails from California, peacocks, deer, bears, pigs, dogs, and lastly, tho' most beautiful, a pair of lovely *Gazelles*, such as poets do write about—and well they might, so gentle and beautiful are they.

The sweet lines came quickly to my lips—

"I never nursed a dear Gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!"

but with them came the hope that this might not be the case with the owner of these two fine creatures.

Among the great varieties of pigeons, were the red and yellow rufflers. *Thirty-two* dollars a pair!—some of a light tan color, smooth and very beautiful. How they cooed and made love to one another! The black magpie, and the Carrier Pigeon, or dove, which has a singular heavy white comb, or crest in a circle round the eye, and also over the top of the bill. I almost found myself singing my old song of my childhood:

"Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,  
Fly away to my native land,  
And bear these lines to my lady-love  
That I've traced with a feeble hand!"—

as I stood looking at them, imagining a little beauty I had picked out from the rest, as the bearer of the sweetest billet-doux ever written to fair maiden.

Of rabbits I never saw so great a variety; some were extremely large, and had ears nearly a quarter of a yard long,—think of that! The golden Pheasant was the loveliest bird I ever saw—its plumage the richest, gayest and handsomest. And in the midst of all this stood the two great Giraffes, scarcely deigning to bend their long necks and lofty heads to look upon the crowd that fell quite beneath their notice. R. C. McCormick, of Conn., has, I think, the greatest and finest collection here, and has taken, I believe, some of the largest premiums awarded.

Yours, affectionately,

LIZZIE C. PLIMPTON.

If those who order THE LILY would be careful to mention the *State* as well as the Post Office to which it is to be sent, they will greatly oblige us.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LILY.

### Mr. Public Sentiment.

ASHTABULA Co., O., Jan. 20, 1854.

MRS. BLOOMER—While such skillful laborers as Aunt Fanny and Harriet N. Torrey, and others like them, contribute their efforts for the cultivation of your pet LILY, I, who have never had a chance to devote much time to the cultivation of plants, except "olive plants" containing the elements of immortality, need not presume to think, that with my implements I can do much that will be available to its growth and thrift. But as you are by proxy an Attorney at Law, and I, and some of my sisters are suffering from the infringement of our rights, and privileges, and are ourselves unable to obtain redress of our grievances, I thought I would write and inform you of our troubles, if perhaps you might indit and bring a suit against our aggressors. The culprit to be arraigned for maltreatment of myself and friends, is Mr. Public Sentiment. I charge him with being very unreasonable, despotic, and disregarding of our welfare. The specific charges are, defrauding us of our freedom, our comfort, and our health. We feel that we have given him no provocation for his ill usage of us; only that respecting dress, we think the Bloomer costume very comfortable and convenient, and would like to wear it at our pleasure. But we can seldom walk the streets, peaceably attending to our own business, without being liable to assault and battery from him. And as if that were not enough, he will often follow us to our own door-yards, and into our own homes, and there hurl his missiles at us.

We have borne long, and in silence; but ought we to suffer it longer without an effort to have him laid under restraint? Although I am decidedly opposed to litigation, having a deep reverence for the sublime principles of Christian non-resistance, yet I feel strongly provoked to protest, and resist his tyrannical usurpations; and I don't know but we had better "swear the peace against him." For, for my part, I never expect to live peaceably by him, with his notion of things; and I can't find a little corner anywhere in the Union, to live, but he will be sure to be a resident there also.

I am very much in favor of Hydropathy; and have two or three young women under my care, in ill health, trying to do what we can to restore it; and walking out of doors is one of the best remedial agents that we know of; both a stimulant and a tonic; but carrying the weight of long, heavy skirts, dragging through the snow and mud, and damping the feet and ankles, is "paying too dear for the whistle." As surely as they appear in the convenient and appropriate Bloomer costume, or short skirts, this grey-headed ruffian will beset and belabor them, and perhaps compel them to keep within doors for days together. Something must be done; I am sure something will be done. Can't the old fellow be fined, or imprisoned?

Yours, in need of help,

C.

C. will have to lay her case before other counsel more competent to advise in this matter than are we. Never having been subjected to the cruel treatment of which she complains, we cannot tell what is the most proper course to pursue to obtain redress of grievances.

We have traveled the country pretty extensively—walked the streets of large cities and small villages alike, without annoyance or molestation, and received a cordial welcome to the parlors of many of the wealthy and noble of the land. We have never found our dress to interfere at all with our freedom, either at home or abroad, or that it withdrew from us the respect of any whose good will we desired to retain.

Such being our experience, we of course cannot second the charges brought by C. against "Mr. Public Sentiment." The gentleman has never stood in our way at all,—or if he has, we have walked right on without seeing him;—and finding we disregarded his manifestations of hostility he has concluded there would be no sport in molesting us.

This we consider a far better way to manage him, in this particular at least, than to stop to bandy words with him, or threaten to arraign him at the Bar. Nothing will so soon quiet him as silent contempt.

All the day long the object kept in view,

'Twas always pleasing and 'twas always new.

MRS. BLOOMER—Dear Madam, permit me through the medium of the "LILY" to congratulate those noble minded women who met at Richmond Indiana, for their moral courage in thus unfurling the white "Banner" of peace and love, upon whose ample folds were inscribed in heaven born characters, "Equal rights."

May the Banner never again be furled, nor the subject dismissed from the hearts and tongues of the people, until woman is reinstated in her native dignity, and crowned with her legitimate rights. Let the women of Indiana "thank God and take courage" for their light is come, and the glory of God has risen upon them. Let them then arise in all the majesty of renewed womanhood and shake themselves from the dust of their former degradation, and putting on the beautiful garments of righteousness and truth, let them stand forth as pioneers in the great and glorious work of human freedom. Always remembering that woman is a medium chosen by God himself for transmitting to the world those principles of righteousness and truth that are to be the Salvation of mankind.

Therefore faint not nor falter in the race. The glorious prize that greets your uplifted eyes is nothing less than the elevation of the whole human family; even those untold Billions to whom woman shall be mother.

"Women trained like Spartans will have warlike children" while women degraded like Esquimaux will have Esquimaux children. For by an irreversible law of nature the mother transmits her own qualities to her children, be they good or bad. This verifies the old adage. "The tree is known by its fruit." You might as well expect corn from tares, or figs from thistles as that an ignorant, enslaved and degraded woman should be the mother of a wise and virtuous son. Make the tree holy and the fruit shall be holy likewise; says the voice of inspiration. Then all hail to the elevation of woman.

W. C. EVANS.

ELKHART, Ind., Jan. 9th, 1854.

### TO MRS. BLOOMER AND THE LILY.

I have been reading Mrs. NICHOLS' letter in the last LILY, and I rejoice that a few of our sex realize, or begin to realize, the extent of their influence over man, and the necessity of exercising it for their good in all cases where there is a possibility of any beneficial result. Mothers have too long considered that if they washed, made, and mended for their boys in health, and took care of them in sickness, their whole duty was done; father must do the rest. The father, it is true, may teach his boy to be honest and industrious, and he may tell him that "as he would have others do unto him, even so must he do unto them." But it is for the mother and sister to instil into the impressible mind of the youthful son and brother, those glorious principles of love and truth, which are to reinstate the human family in their lost paradise, and to unbind those chains which tend to make a very hell of this grand and beautiful earth.

Mothers! sisters! females, one and all, when will you awake to the importance, the unspeakable importance, of your mission. Do not! O! do not wait till those happy, innocent boys shall become miserable, guilty wretches, for the want of that moral training which it is your duty, and should be your pleasure to give. Mothers, teach your sons as zealously to guard against evil, as you do your daughters. Teach them that there is no crime so black, so damning, as that charged to him when woman falls. Sisters, in your intercourse with your brothers never encourage the most remote allusion to vulgarity. And maidens, let no man hear you speak lightly of any one of your own sex; but ever try "to win the erring back, to soften the hard heart, to soothe the repentant, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and in all things to practice that "charity which covereth a multitude of sins;" so shall we secure peace to our own souls, and the favor of God.

ERRIE.



Written for The Lily.

## LETTER FROM THE OCCIDENT.

NO. II.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Again I sit down to drop you a hasty sketch from this Prairie Land of the Occident. You don't know how pleased I was yesterday to receive your beautiful flower from its new home in Ohio. It had seemed really a very long time since I had received a No., and I began to fear, that some how my name might have been dropped from your list—or, what is more likely that, in its peregrinations over its new route of travel, it had fallen into the hands of some one of Uncle Sam's deputies, who had concluded to retain it out of pure love for its Editor. But it has found its way and I am glad of it.

Miss Lucy Stone, you know, has been lecturing in the West. Her tour has been a complete triumph, and has marked an era wherever she has been. She has gained hundreds of friends personally, and the cause in which she labors has gained thousands of advocates. But it is amusing to hear the remarks made by sensible people concerning her. While at St. Louis, one gentleman candidly acknowledged that she had as good a right to lecture as a man had, and that there was nothing improper in it, yet was filled with astonishment when informed that she charged a fee of twenty-five cents, as men do. That same man has, to my certain knowledge, frequently paid that sum, or more, to see a silly woman act some farce on the stage. Park Benjamin, or Henry James may lecture as often as he pleases, and make a business of it; but for Lucy Stone—a woman!—to do so, is quite another thing!

Another gentleman residing here, had the pleasure of hearing her in St. Louis,—was charmed by her eloquence and convinced by her arguments—confesses that she is "hard to beat,"—yet still practically regards the Woman's Rights movement with contempt. So the world wags,—but there is hope that, as it progresses, there is a change for the better.

The friends of the Temperance reform are about commencing a decisive campaign in this State—Illinois. The same may be said of Missouri. It is expected that the combat will thicken during the coming summer, when we shall need, and shall doubtless receive aid from the chosen champions in other States. Believe me, Illinois and Missouri will soon range themselves under the banner of Prohibition!

Yours, as ever,

G\*\*\*\*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Wm. Hanford, E. K. Howig, E. M. Griffing, T. D. Austin, J. W. Thorne, Phebe Dean, E. A. Phillips, J. Phillips, S. J. Lester, W. W. Henderson, A. C. K. Jackson, Clarissa Lieb, L. Buckwalter, C. Westfield, L. A. Tibbals, Lydia A. Miller, M. McConnell, H. W. Stoddard, S. Williams, M. T. Hughson, G. W. Morris, J. W. Finn, L. M. Johnson, E. S. Taylor, Lydia Allen, Martha Thornton, P. Rusor, Mrs. T. B. Corning, W. B. Miller, A. Dunham, H. S. Shute, R. V. Carr, Henry Hatt, M. B. Alkison, Mrs. Wm. Downing, W. B. Graves, P. Van Ness, Maria Dey, L. M. Turrell, C. Bliss, J. F. Edmond, Eleanor Smith, P. J. Jones, H. J. Monaghan, C. Roop, E. A. Farquhar, Mary Bowen, P. Sells, V. McArdle, Martha Howser, L. Higley, A. T. Swift, R. Blackman, J. A. Backus, J. S. Campbell, Amanda Smith, M. Bishop, A. S. Brown, Wm. M. Robinson, S. Wickersham, P. Gerry, H. E. Brown, P. M. Gardiner.

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The following letter was written by the wife of an editor of a religious paper in Western New York. After expressing the hope that we will continue the exchange, she says—

"I would sooner be denied every other paper on our exchange list, from the fact that it alone advocates the true basis of all, and every righteous reform—the equality of the sexes,—and labors earnestly to elevate woman to the social, moral and political position, which an impartial Creator designed her to occupy.

It was, doubtless, a weakness in me, being personally a stranger to yourself, that occasioned such deep regret when I read of your anticipated removal to Ohio; and yet I did feel that the women of New York were being separated (at least by the Lake) from firm friends, and fearless champions of truth, of whom they might well be proud, when yourself and LILY should have left our native State. I trust, however, that the removal will only extend the influence of both, the cause of truth be benefitted, and our western sisters learn to appreciate your arduous labors better than ourselves.

It is an easy matter to float along with the current of popular opinion—to give our support to a cause already approved by the majority, and rendered popular by the sanction of law, and public favor; but it requires moral courage, firmness of principle, and love of truth, known only to the pure in heart, to identify one's self with a not only unpopular, but despised one, and patiently rely on the rule of right and the might of truth for its prevalence. And yet, I am persuaded that the potency and righteousness of the reforms advocated by THE LILY must be manifest to every unprejudiced mind—to every lover of truth and right,—when once induced to give them an examination worthy of the increasing light of the nineteenth century,—an examination worthy of the sound judgment and quick perception of woman, when left unclouded, or unenfeebled, by a frivolous and deficient education. Hence the necessity of patience and perseverance in keeping those subjects before the public;—to continue sounding the notes of reform, though the many ridicule, and others affect to slumber. Truth is mighty and will prevail. Perhaps some may, like the unjust judge, be induced "to avenge us, of our adversaries, lest we weary them;" while the greater number, I hope, may act from more enlightened convictions. And shall we, who have seen and felt the wrongs and depression of our sex, and who are anxiously waiting the glorious results promised by these reforms, sit idly by, while a few earnest and noble souls go forth to the strife, and bring back the victory?

A glance at the past will readily teach that victory is not so easily and unsacrificingly won. The host of selfishness, of avarice, pride, and long established usage, is not so readily overcome. It is true, that a good work has been wrought, or rather begun, during the past few years. The attention of the public has been aroused, as never before, by the plaintive voice of woman pleading for protection from the increasing and licensed evils of the rum traffic, and claiming her right, in common with her brother, to legal representation and suffrage; yet there was never greater need of vigorous and united exertion than now. Will not the heart of every American woman joyfully respond to the call, and rejoice at the prospect of universal freedom, justice, and equality? Alas, no! In the limited circle of my acquaintance, I find some who are more violently opposed to that system of reform which brings about their own elevation, than many of the opposite sex. Some whose sympathies are warm and free, and whose services are indefatigable in the righteous cause of the slave, yet fail to see themselves in the same condition, politically, at least.

Is it not astonishing to hear a woman, in the present state of affairs, opposing those who are not only laboring for her elevation, but urging her on, to claim her God given right, and ascend to a higher sphere of usefulness than she has hitherto enjoyed? When I see her passively folding her arms, and contentedly resigning herself to her present condition, and hear her boastfully assert that she has all the privileges and liberty she desires, I am always reminded of the remark made by a distinguished philanthropist relative to the

contentment of southern slaves: "*A contented slave must be a degraded man!*" Oh! when will woman learn the painful fact, that the negro population comprise but a small proportion of the wronged and enslaved inhabitants of this nominally free Republic? Man has been taught, both by precept and example, from generation to generation, to regard himself as "the lord of creation," and to look upon his sister as in every way inferior to himself; and to her it belongs to correct his mistake; and teach him to both respect her rights and appreciate her true character. Not as an angel, not as a slave, nor as a frivolous appendage to himself, but as an equal in intellect, in position, and in social privileges,—the real helpmeet God designed her to be. And yet we may ask, is woman at present prepared to honorably occupy this elevated position? Some are—others must be prepared. Certain it is that *all men* do not honorably acquit themselves in the positions they assume to occupy, especially regarding woman's representation; and that they are fast degenerating, all must admit who have noticed the low, ungentlemanly treatment some of our purest and talented ladies have of late received at the hands of some of the Rev. Doctors of Divinity! Divinity with a vengeance, truly. They, professed teachers and guardians of the public weal! Thank Heaven, the number of such men is few, compared with the noble specimens of manhood, who with characteristic zeal defend their oppressed sisters; and it is consoling to know that their number is diminishing as rapidly as their character is degenerating.

So let the work go bravely on. Let no obstacle discourage you, nor lay by your armor until the Maine Law—universal freedom and equality, be inscribed on every banner;—until every yoke be broken, and peace and purity pervade our loved country. I really hope the time is not far distant when THE LILY shall be enlarged, and through its columns bring a *weekly* response from many a warm heart not yet heard from. Believing it to be the duty of every mother, wife, daughter, and sister, to identify themselves with the cause that seeks the best interests of the greatest number, especially in the day of its unpopularity, and being myself denied every method of communication and intercourse, except through public prints, I have felt, as thousands of others have undoubtedly, my inability to interest any one through that medium. Yet limited as our opportunities are, limited as our influence may be, as the great whole is ever made up of particles, we may all be of *some* service in the great contest for truth and right; especially we who have daughters looking up to us for an example, and who will soon take our place on the stage of life. Let us then see to it, that their education is such as will resist the influence of wicked and injurious fashion, and enable them to stand up fearlessly for the right,—for purity and truth. And let us by every means in our power, sustain and encourage those who have taken the front ranks, kindly assuming the greatest responsibilities, and the heaviest burdens during this contest.

Wishing you and THE LILY all the success that your earnestness demands, I hasten to relieve your patience by closing this too lengthy communication.

With great respect, &amp;c.,

S. M. M.

## WESTERN HOME VISITOR.

D. C. BLOOMER.....Editor.  
AMELIA BLOOMER.....Associate Editor.

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